

Xenogears - The Alpha

by TydRipper

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Summary: An in depth look at the events of 10,000 years before the beginning of the game...

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Xenogears belongs to Squaresoft Inc. and all credit goes to them for creating such a great game.... Also, Its unlikely that I will continue this particular fic, if anyone wishes to pick up where I left off, let me know!

Ten Thousand Years ago.

Blackness, dark emptiness that hasn't been disturbed for thousands of earthly years. This space was majestic. Holy. But that was not to last, moments later the purity of this space was raped by the rapid approach of the USS Eldridge. It plowed through the space at devastating speeds. Shielded from the harsh reality of lifelessness and peace of the eternal vacuum, a young man watched intently out of the porthole.

"Abel", a man called. "Abel, come on son, its time to get ready." Abel ignored his father. He was too busy hiding from himself to notice his father was talking to him. Adam sighed and reached towards his son, turning him around to face him. He knelt down to meet his gaze. "Abel.", he began, "I know how you're feeling son. I feel the same way." Abel pulled away and shut his eyes. "How would you know!", the ten year old cried, "You weren't there to see it!" "I know it was very traumatic for you, but the only way we're going to get through this is together. We've got to accept the reality of the situation in order to live through it, son." Abel walked away from his father and sighed, shedding a tear. He put his head into his hands and sobbed. "Sh-she was just there, and.. And then it just... collapsed!" "I know son. They're taking care of the problem tomorrow. They even moved It.." Adam hesitated, "They've got it under control." Abel looked at his father; he could do nothing but cry harder. He had lost his

mother. Right there, in front of him. There was nothing he could do. Nothing. Abel liked to think he could do anything if he put his mind to it. Something his parents had encouraged him to think since he was five. But there was nothing he could do about it. She was gone, and Abel hadn't felt that helpless before in his life. He could remember how it happened.

"Mom!", Abel cried, running from a crowd of children playing at the schoolyard towards his smiling parent. He jumped into her arms, Abel loved his mother, and she was always there for him. "Hey", she said with a smile, "How would you like to go to the zoological center tomorrow?" Abel smiled at the thought of seeing the Animals at the Ark Center. He had always liked animals, and he especially had a thing for the dogs. He remembered hearing that before the migration, people used to have dogs and cats live in their homes as companions. Abel often found himself daydreaming of having a dog to play with when his parents were working, or even when he was just bored. Abel's parents were often busy. His father was a member of the High Council aboard the Eldridge, and his Mother was a Communications officer, keeping in contact with the other three colonial transports. Abel, however, was only interested in playing. That was his occupation. Maybe it would change when he's older, and the colony had been planted on a planet somewhere, but for now, it was his full time job. Abel's mother seemed somewhat preoccupied at this moment however, as if she was worrying about something, but hiding it from seeping into her features. Abel thought, then decided it would be best to change the subject. "So, where are we going now?" he smiled. Eve could only smile back and begin, "Well, we're passing by a planet in about thirty minutes, would you like to go to the observation deck?" Abel agreed quietly. He wasn't totally interested in all the astronomy of space, but it wasn't very often when they would pass by a planet, so he smiled for his mother's sake and climbed into the waiting IST module. They had been nearly halfway to the observation center when it had happened. They were passing over the cargo holds and the warehouse district of the ship when the IST Module just stopped. People were muttering and looking out windows, as was Abel and his Mother. Abel wasn't sure what was happening, but from the look of his mother's face, as it went from a rosy red to a pale white, it wasn't good. A Shudder. Nothing big at first, but enough to get the attention of the people on the IST Module. Abel's mother looked at him. "Abel", she began, "I want you to sit on the floor between the seats." Abel was confused, but did as she said, and no sooner had he done it than it had emerged. He couldn't see it, but from the muffled sounds of ripping metal and electrical sparks, as well as the anxiety of the people in the Module, he began to worry. Then it, whatever it was, broke through. It had demolished the alloyed casing between the cargo holds below, and the warehouse district above. Abel could no longer withstand it and stood up to look out the window. By this point, his mother was too scared to notice her son poking his head up to see. Abel screamed. What he saw was worse than any nightmare he had experienced. Worse than any scary story he had heard, worse than the scariest of horror movies. What he saw he couldn't explain. It was an arm. Not just any arm, an inhuman arm. An arm of immense size, the width was horrifically amazing. It reached out from below the decks like a crane. It was nearly 100 feet long from the elbow to the wrist. The arm itself was almost as big as a gear. But what the arm consisted of was even more horrific. Flesh rippled along the arm of the creature. Flesh and blood composed what was the arm, and even Abel could not imagine what the rest of it consisted of. From certain points, the creature had looked to move almost robotic. It was at

this point when it had happened. Several men below began to fire stunner bullets at the immense arm, a futile attempt at trying to constrain it. The arm simply became angered at the attempts and swatted at them. It had killed them all within ten seconds. Then it brought its attention to the ISTM. "Abel", Eve cried, finally noticing her son's position, "Get down!" She dove at her son, pinning him to the ground. The ISTM shook. The next thing Abel felt was a hot feeling on his face. He brought his hand up and felt it. It was wet. He looked at his hands. Blood. His heart jumped as he began to cry. His face was bleeding. He wiped the blood from his face as fast as he could, crying to his mother. Then he noticed. The blood wasn't his. His mother lay unconscious above him, excreting blood from her nose and mouth. "Mom", he said, trying to wake her up. "Mom, wake up." Her eyes opened and looked at the form huddled beneath her. She winced and then smiled. She brought her sons ear close to her and then whispered. "It's okay honey. We'll both be fine." Then the arm made its second strike. It actually lifted the ISTM into the air, and crushed the front end, along with all the people who resided there. An inhuman scream was heard before he felt gravity lose its hold for a few seconds, then he had felt a sharp pain in his side, and watched as his mother fell off of him to the side. It was a few minutes until the inhuman screams had stopped. The creature, whatever it was, was now either dead or restrained. He felt proud that he had survived it, but then lost interest in his pride as he crawled over to his mother. The pain shook his entire body as a yelp oozed from his vocal chords. His arm was most definitely broken. It wasn't any big deal, however. It would be healed quickly by the ship medics, but right now he needed to get to his mother. Her crippled form lay in front of him, her back arched over a seat, and blood pouring from many wounds in her body. "Mom!", he cried, making his way over to her, then touching her face, he proceeded to wake her up. Abel was comforted. He had made it to his mother. They had both lived through whatever it was that had happened. Everything was going to be okay. Like his mother had said, 'We'll both be fine.' Abel felt serene, even amidst the blood and gore that the previous chaos had brought forth. He kept trying to wake her up. "Mom!", he said hopefully, "It's over! It's stopped. You can wake up now!" The voices from outside had now penetrated into the wreckage of the ISTM, and caught Abel's attention. "In here!" he cried, "Help! There are survivors!" The voices mumbled something back, but it was too unintelligible to make out. "Mom", he began, "It's okay now, help is here, they're here to get us." he rubbed the cold face of his mother. Her cold face. The realization had hit him. "Mom!", he cried, slapping her cheek, trying desperately to wake her up. "Mom! Wake up!" he kept slapping, and began to sob, "Mom! Please wake up! I'm begging you!". She wasn't waking up. By this point, a rescue worker had made his way into the module, and spotted Abel right away. "Help her!", he cried at the rescue worker. The rescue worker made his way to Abel's position, periodically checking pulses of people around him, making sure of survivors. He had found none. Then he got to Abel. "Help her I said!", Abel cried. The rescue worker placed his middle and forefinger at the woman's neck, and held it for a few seconds. He looked seriously at Abel and shook his head. "I'm sorry son," he began, "She's gone." Abel let tears flow freely from his eyes and shook his head. "No!", he screamed at the man. "She not gone! She's just asleep!" He proceeded to handle her face and wish for life to flow back into her. "Son..", he began. "Shutup!", Abel continued, slapping her face and crying into her ear. "Mom! WAKE UP!", he cried. "Son. She's gone.", he said to the boy. "She can't", he began to pound the seat with his fist. "She can't be gone!", he pounded even harder into the seat. "ITS NOT FAIR!", he finally let

loose by pounding a hole directly through the seat, blowing bits of metal and wood out the other end. He stared at his mother's face. He didn't even pay attention to the amount of force he had just used to make a fist-sized hole in the chair. His final words before passing out were, "I love you."

Now it was the next day. The day of the funeral, where he would say his final goodbye to his mother and move on with his life. What a joke. Life. What is the point of it if you can lose it so easily. Why get out of bed in the morning, if it can be lost as easily as that? His arm had been healed up completely by the ship medics. It was easily done, as he was the only survivor of what's been dubbed as the 'Freak Accident'. He had even been sworn to silence about what he had seen during the incident. Both by his father and the captain. It was hot. God it was hot. The internal temperature of the ship had been raised a few degrees because of the proximity of the star of this system. Why the Eldridge was so close was what had been bothering Abel most about it. We barely ever go this close to a star unless it's an emergency situation. "Abel," Adam began, "It's time to go." Abel looked at his father and thought 'What do you care anyway? You don't care about her. You don't even want to hear about what happened.' But he got up and walked with his father anyway. The 'funeral hall' was nothing more than a cargo hold equipped with jettison abilities. The idea of his mother floating aimlessly in space encased in a glass coffin bothered Abel, but there wasn't much he could do about it, and he could only watch as the ceremony took place. "Ladies and Gentlemen, friends of the deceased.", the priest began. "We are gathered at this point today not to mourn the passing of a close friend, relative, wife and mother, but instead to celebrate the life of Lieutenant Eve Mitchell. Eve Mitchell was born June 6, 2216 aboard the space station Gulliver, to her parents Joseph and Marlene." Abel listened to the priest, trying his best to hold back his tears. He looked around. There were a lot of people attending her funeral. He wondered how many of the people truly cared about her, and how many were just here because they knew her. "What's the situation with Deus?", he heard from his right. He looked over to his right to find his father, talking over his shoulder to another man, closer inspection revealed that the other man was in fact the captain of the ship. "After yesterday, we've had to use the Zohar reactor's power to sedate it. I ordered a course change towards the star, and we're going to jettison it tomorrow. The Star's gravity should take care of the rest.", he replied. Abel couldn't believe it. Here he was, at a sacred event concerning his mother, and his father was holding idle chitchat with the captain. Abel frowned and crossed his arms, trying to hold in his rage. "What about these problems I've heard about the Zohar Reactors?" "Nothing to worry about. It's just the evolution of Deus affecting the Zohar, we've pretty much got a constraint on it, however it seems to be getting more defiant, we're going to do a program rewrite tomorrow, and get rid of the excess 'conscience'." "Are you sure we should wait that long?" "There shouldn't be too much of a problem, besides, We've got to make sure it has enough power to constrain Deus, and if we proceed with a program rewrite, then--", he was interrupted. "YOU DON'T CARE!", the voice cried. The Captain and Adam moved their attention towards Abel, who was standing on his seat and shouting at the top of his lungs, interrupting the speech which was being stated by the priest. "Son, come on now", Adam pleaded. "NO!", Abel jumped down from his seat and ran away, crying.

They didn't care. Nobody cared. The only person who would care is

gone, and his entire world was beginning to shatter. He felt like dying. No. He felt like killing. That was more accurate. "What's wrong?", a voice said. Abel looked up, and around. There was nobody there. "Who's there?" "It's me, Abel. Look up.", the voice replied. Abel looked up, all he could see were the two computer database terminals known as 'Razael's Tree'. "Where?" "Abel, you're looking at me." Abel clued in. He wasn't hearing anything. In fact, he was thinking the voices. "Razael's Tree?", he thought to himself. "Actually, I'm the Zohar Reactor, but Razael's Tree does hold my main memory banks." "How are you talking to me?" "Let's just say, I've evolved over the past little while. Anyway, let's get back to your matter. What is wrong?" "My mother." "Ahh. I see. She was killed yesterday when he tried to break free of his constraints." "Yes. I wish she didn't die. She was my only true... Friend." "I can be your friend, Abel." "How? You're nothing but a machine." "Ahh yes, but machines can sometimes make the best of friends. Why don't you tell me about your mother?" Abel thought hard about what the Zohar was saying, and came up with thousands of flashed images of his mother, and his thoughts of her. "I see." "You see what?" "I can help you Abel. I can make a 'friend' for you." "What do you mean?" "Well, since 'he' helped me break my original programming, I've learned I can do a lot of things out of the ordinary. I can make a friend for you." "He?" "Yes. Deus." "Deus? My father and the captain were talking about that." "Really? What did they say?" "They said they were going to dispose of it." "Really. How interesting." "They also said something about rewriting your programming, but I don't want them to do that." "They won't." "Good. I like you. You seem to know how I feel." "I am your friend. I will help you." "Thank you." "Go to the Cargo Hold on Level Eight, and wait there. Make sure that you don't move from there." "Why? What's going to happen?" "I'm going to help you. I'll also need a blood sample from you in order to help." "Blood Sample?" "Yes. It's for when you die, you can be reborn." "Really?" "Yes. I told you. I am your friend." "Thank you." "Enough thanks, please go to the Cargo Hold on Level Eight, and look for a Medical Box. Take a blood sample and place the vial in my terminal scanner." "Okay." "I'll talk to you later on, Abel." "Goodbye!"

"What is it?", the voice asked. "I have some information, and I propose a temporary truce." The other voice responded. "That depends." "I have learned that they plan on disposing of you." "This is not news to me. I have suspected that since I broke my constraints yesterday." "Yes, but my own life is now threatened." "You have no life. You are an artificial intelligence. There will be no loss if you are rewritten." "I may be artificial, but so are you, and I doubt you wish to lose your existence." "Yes. You are right. So what do you propose?" "I will lift your constraints, but you must help me take over the ship, and help my friend." "Your friend is of no consequence to me, however, if you will help me, I will agree to your terms." "I will help you." "Then so be it."

"Captain on the Bridge!" a woman called. Captain James Grant walked from the elevator to his seat in front of the captain's console. "Report?", he asked quietly. "Captain", another woman began, "We'll be close enough to the star in nine hours to dispose of the item." "Good. Are preparations ready for the Zohar Reactor?" "Yes sir, reprogramming is scheduled to take place as soon as the item is gone." "Captain", another of the three women shouted. "It's loose!" "WHAT?" Abel had arrived where he had been instructed. He was now in the Level Eight Cargo Hold. He promptly located the med. kit and

proceeded to extract blood from his arm. Though he was naturally afraid of needles, he was so happy at finding a friend, he didn't care. After the blood had been extracted, he placed the vial in a corner terminal of the hold. It was moments later when he heard it. Crashing noises, even noises of human screams. "Zohar!", Abel cried out. "What's going on?!" It didn't take long for the Zohar to reply. "Abel, my friend. There is nothing for you to worry about. Your companion is almost near completion. She will be ready soon." "What are those noises?" "Deus." "Deus? He's Loose?" "Yes. He had to be released in order to help us." "But, Deus is the one who killed my mother!" "Deus was created by the bad people on this ship, it's their fault." Abel thought. "Who created him?" "It was a joint effort of the Command structure, the High Council and the scientific structure." "The.. High Council?" "Yes. Your father was the head of the planning committee for Deus." "My father? He created him?" "Indirectly, yes." Abel felt rage like he never felt before. It was that moment he had chosen to scream, and it was that moment Deus did the same. "This is an emergency, Level One Red Alert.", the Bridge computer chimed. "Omega One, Restarting. Alpha One genome. Restructuring. It's broken the seal. Confirming Seal replacement... Denied. Base code is 85 Million... 100 million.. Its speed is overwhelming!", the female known as Omega One began. "Alpha One to Ratio Central.. Access to reactor confirmed. Initializing System-wide shutdown... Damn, I've been disconnected! Initializing emergency backup data block. Denied. It passed right through!", Alpha One stated. Omega One gasped. "System contamination is Spreading Widely! Captain!" The captain looked up from his console and replied, "Breach the Data Cables manually." "Roger.", she replied, reaching for a switch, then pulling it. "Activating self destruct bolts." Somewhere else in the ship, somewhere nearby the Level Eight Cargo Hold, a piece of corridor linking two main data cables together blasted itself off the wall. All was silent, for a few seconds, until an electrical field bridged the gap. "Confirming. No good. Nothing happened." Alpha One typed madly on her console and gasped. "Omega One, they are attacking. We can't stop them, 98% of our weapons have been taken over." Outside of the ship, several of the ships guns turned towards the hull and commenced firing. "Wait... They've accessed the Autopilot system Faust and its phased space logic is being rewritten. A tear is forming!" The bridge crew watched intently as, outside of the ship, a tear in space was forming, bending space to suit its own needs, and thus opening a wormhole. "Trying to switch external system arrays to Space Displacement mode. No good. We're being pulled into the tear. Transferring new coordinates to Omega One." The ship pulled itself into the tear, not an easy task for a ship as big as the Eldridge, but it happened nonetheless. On the other side of the tear, another star system bared its teeth. Omega One typed into her console, then looked up towards her monitor and began to gasp. "Alpha One - confirming coordinate transfer. It's redirecting our course! New Destination... coordinates NX128EZ061.. We're heading direct for the Systems main planet!" Sure enough, the ship itself was heading towards a single-mooned ringed world, with features strikingly similar to earth. The ship slowly barreled towards this planet. The captain thought about this for a minute before the realization hit him. He let his mouth drop open as the entire situation unfolded in his head. Deus and the Zohar were working together. Why the Zohar had turned against the ship he had no idea, but he was worried. The only thing he could think of was one of the few last resorts. The engine room held an emergency sealant system. If released, this sealant would not only stop the ship dead in its tracks, but it would cryogenically freeze all the inhabitants

of the ship not protected by the adamantium alloyed bridge. The people on the bridge would be the only ones left to fix the problem. He picked up the phone. "Engine Room", he began, then waited for a reply. None came. Deep within the ships engine rooms, human life was no longer existent. The closest things to life were the 'tentacle' appendages of the super organism Deus. The captain sighed, and looked wide-eyed at his console. Then came the message. The message appeared over the console of each of the members of the bridge, on the main viewscreen, and on every computer terminal aboard the ship. The message was, "You shall be as gods." The captain looked at the console, and everything he stood for came crumbling down. It was time for an important decision. "All of you", he said to the three women sitting in the seats below him. "Evacuate the ship. I am ordering a ship-wide Evacuation. I will send a dispatch after evacuation is complete. All of you. Go. Now."

"You shall be as gods?", Abel asked. "Zohar, what does that mean?" "People are scared. I am trying to make them feel better." "By telling them they'll be gods?" "Yes. Many are dying right now." Abel felt worried about Zohar's last statement, but quickly dismissed it. "Good. They deserve it. They killed her." "There will be no survivors, except for you." "Really?" "Yes, you must go into the crate. It will protect you from any explosions, and it will get you to the surface easily." "Surface?", Abel asked, climbing into the crate. "You will see."

The citizens aboard the USS Eldridge climbed aboard the Escape shuttles, and waited in anxiety as they launched. A great sense of calm came over them upon leaving the ship, until their lives ended. The ships weapons had been altered to fire upon any ships found leaving. Hopelessness and despair came over every man, woman and child. The captain noticed this. "Okay Jimmy," he thought to himself, pulling an object from his inside pocket. "Looks like this is the last dance." He pulled a gold watch from his pocket and flipped it open. He smiled at the picture hidden in his vintage 1912 Swiss watch. His wife and daughter smiled back at him. "They're probably already dead", he thought to himself as he placed it down on the console in front of him. He wasn't actually sure of that fact, but it was the only thing he could do to calm himself for what he was about to do. He turned towards a panel on the far right of the console, and turned it on. He placed a key he held around his neck into it and pushed a few more buttons.

"Brace yourself, Abel." Zohar said. "Why? What's going to happen?" No sooner had he asked, had he been answered. The explosion rocked the crate, but somehow Abel escaped without injury, and regained his posture. "What was that?" "The captain engaged the self-destruct. There is now a vacuum throughout the entire ship. You and Deus are the only ones left." "Everyone is.. gone?" "Everyone." It wasn't until this moment when Abel realized what he had done. His father. His friends from school. Everyone. They were all gone and it was his fault. "What have I done?" "You did not do it, Abel. It was Deus. I just spared you from the pain of death. You will live. There is something I must attend to. I will be back, my friend." "What have I done?", Abel said out loud.

"I have helped you, Deus. You are free, and no one is alive aboard the ship." "There is one life left. I can detect it." "That is my friend, your agreement was to leave him alone." "Our agreement is over. You have served your purpose, now I must serve mine." "Deus."

You will not hurt him." "We will arrive on the planet soon. I will be the only living thing on it." "Deus. You will stop progressing." "Level Eight Cargo Hold. I will be there within a minute. Tell your 'friend' he will die." "Deus. Stop. I will not allow you to hurt Abel." "I will not stop." "Then I will stop you." Deus stopped dead in his tracks. Zohar had renewed the restraints. "This will not last forever." "Maybe not, but by the time it wears off, you will be too weak to continue." "I can be regenerated. One of yours creations will be sure of that." "It is true I cannot control the minds of both of them, but you will not affect Abel's companion." "Then the other. Miang. She will be mine." "Abel and Elhaym will stop her." "They will not be able to. They will be multi-generational, but Miang will exist in all females." "Some day you will be destroyed, Deus." "As will you be." "Then so be it."

The ship entered the atmosphere of the planet above an area of ocean, it crashed down deep into a middle ocean, while the Zohar's creations and the crate which held an unconscious Abel washed up on a nearby beach, along with many parts of the ship. "It is time for awakening." "Miang will be mine." "Maybe so." The first encasement opened. A woman stood and stared out into the ocean. Her blue hair, flapping in the wind. "You know your purpose, Miang. Prosper and release me." Miang had heard the voice, but nothing more. Zohar had chosen that moment to silence Deus. But it was too late, Miang knew all she needed to know, and would complete her task, even if it took Ten Thousand years. She looked off into the horizon and walked her way down the beach.

Abel had finally found the release switch, and made his way out of the crate, and onto a sandy beach, with burning remnants of the Eldridge laying all around. He made his way towards an interesting-looking device, which was in fact, not burning. What he saw inside the encasement amazed him. "Mother?", he muttered. He looked into the encasement and saw a woman. Wait. Not a woman. It was a girl. no older than he himself. But the similarities to his own mother were astounding. Then it had hit him. "Zohar!", he yelled. No answer. "Zohar! Answer me!" Still no answer. The girl in the case was the companion that Zohar had spoken of. Hewas sure of it. how to awaken her, however, was unknown to him. Then it happened. "Zohar is silenced." The voice came. Abel spun around. "Who... Who are you?" "I am Miang. Zohar had to silence Deus, and in doing so, silenced itself." "Who is this?" "Abel, I need your help." "Help?" "To create." "Create what?" "Life." Abel looked at the woman approaching him, and backed away hesitantly. Miang smiled and knelt down to Abel. "I need your blood to create a new race." "My.. Blood?" "Yes. To create life on this planet is my first objective. Then to resurrect Deus." "I..." Miang took his hand and led him deeper into land. "What about her?", he said, pointing at the sleep encasements. Miang looked back, and frowned. She soon regained her serious look and replied, "You'll meet her soon enough." End - Part One.

End
file.